

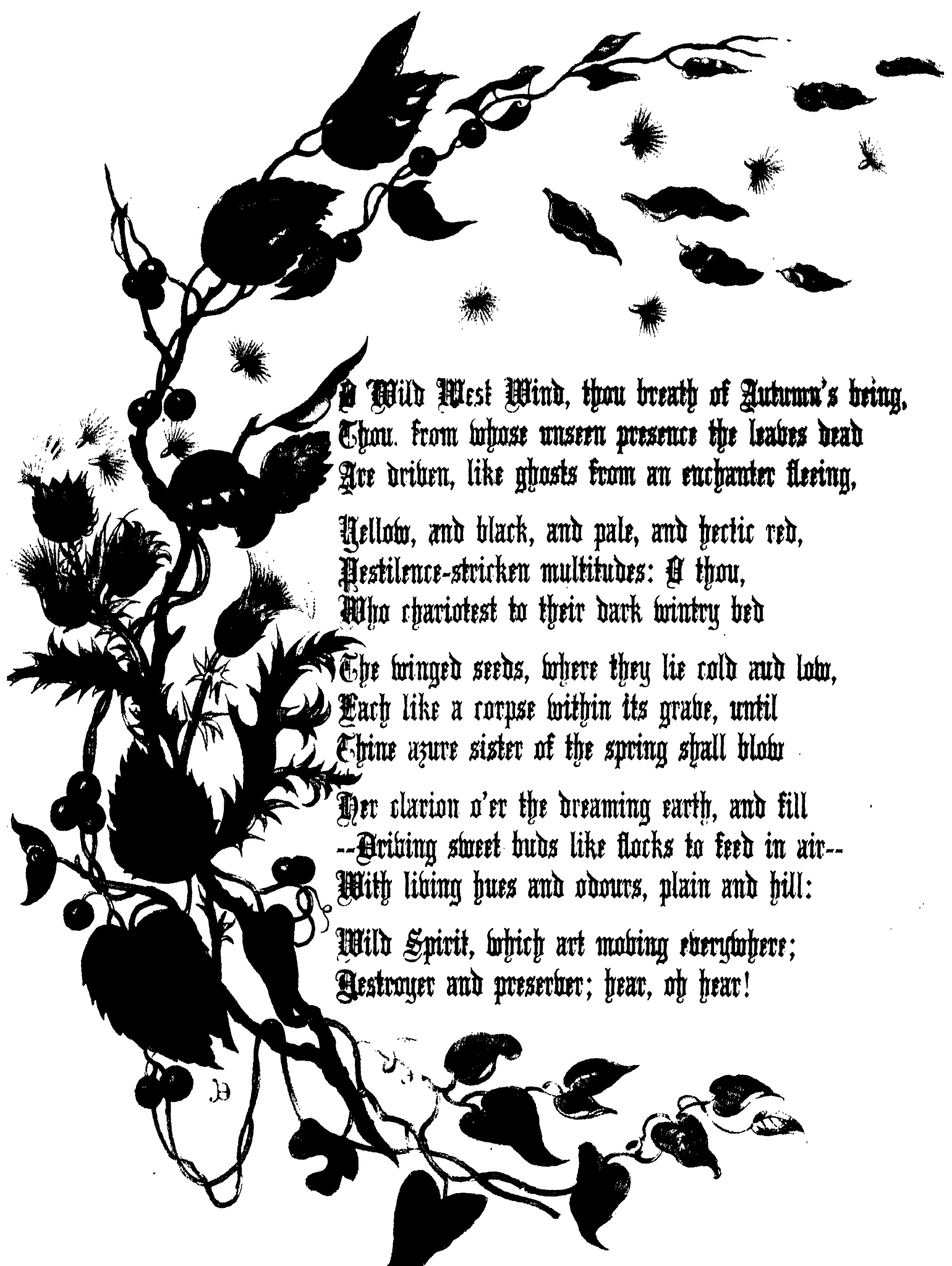
costs

Gems from Shelley.
Illustrated.

An Ode to
The Wild West Wind,
and
The Question.

London,
Paul Gerrard & Son 17, St. Paul's Churchyard.





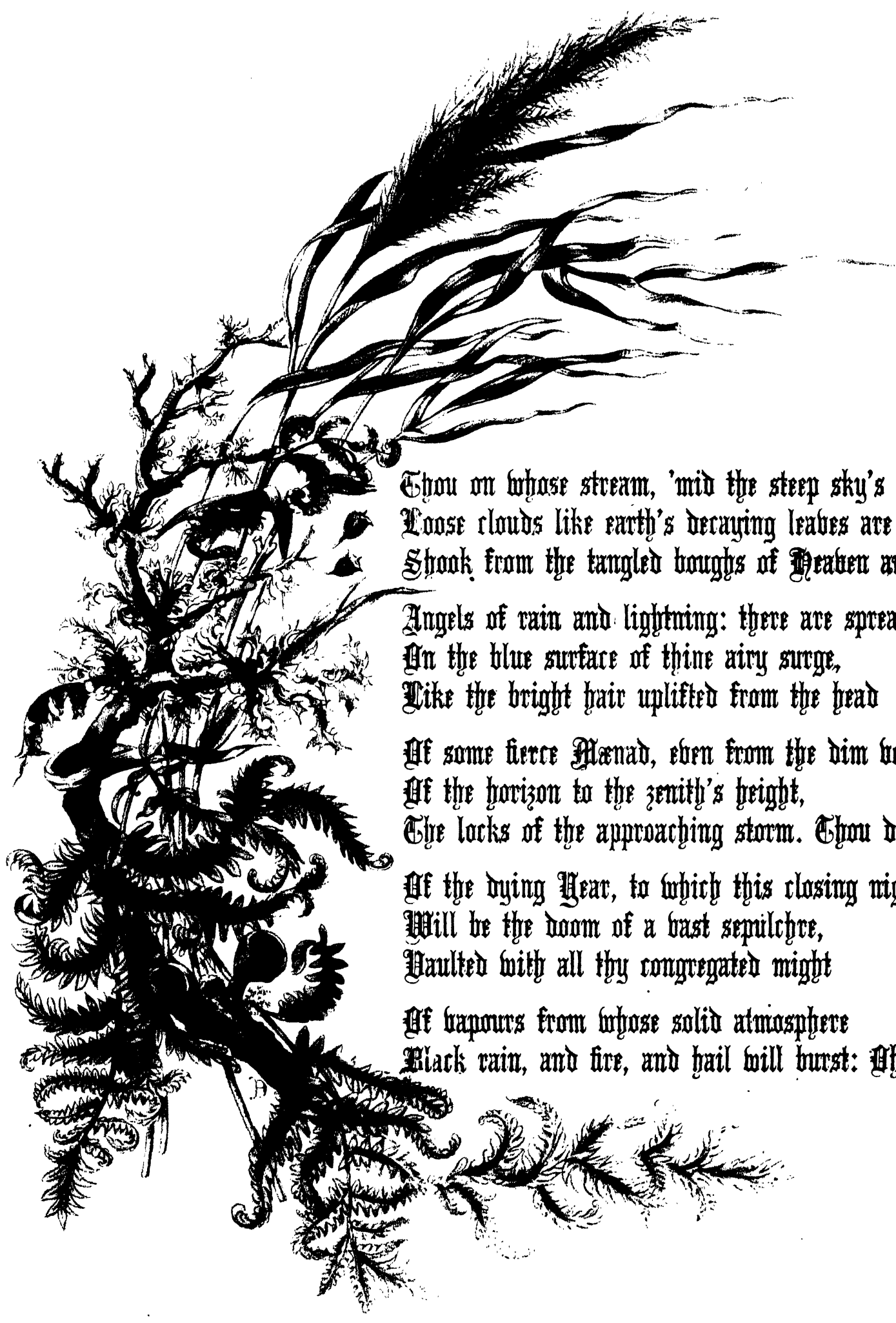
A Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
--Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air--
With living hues and odours, plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!



Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commot
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Hell

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying Year, to which this closing night
Will be the doom of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!



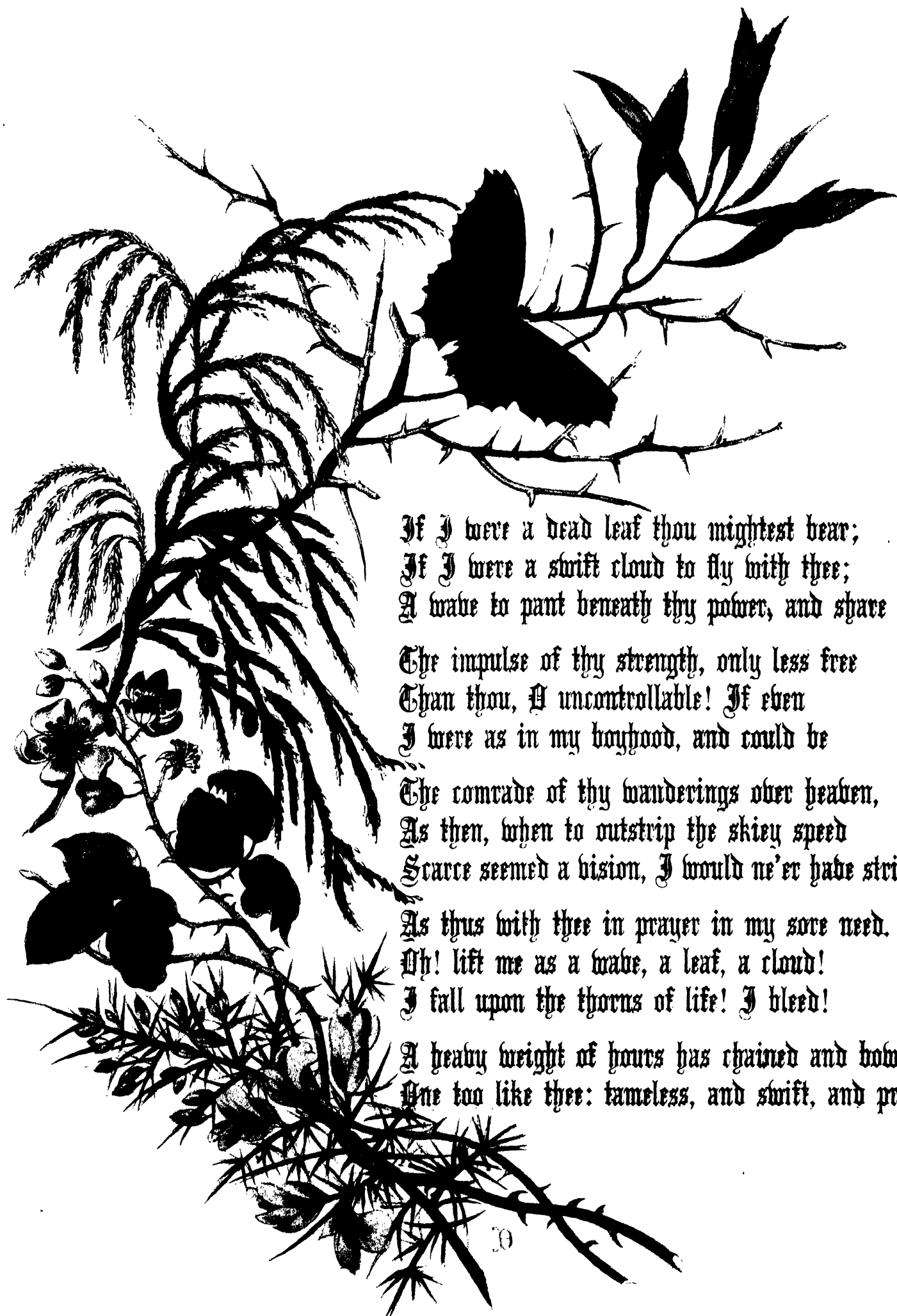
Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Creave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!



If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

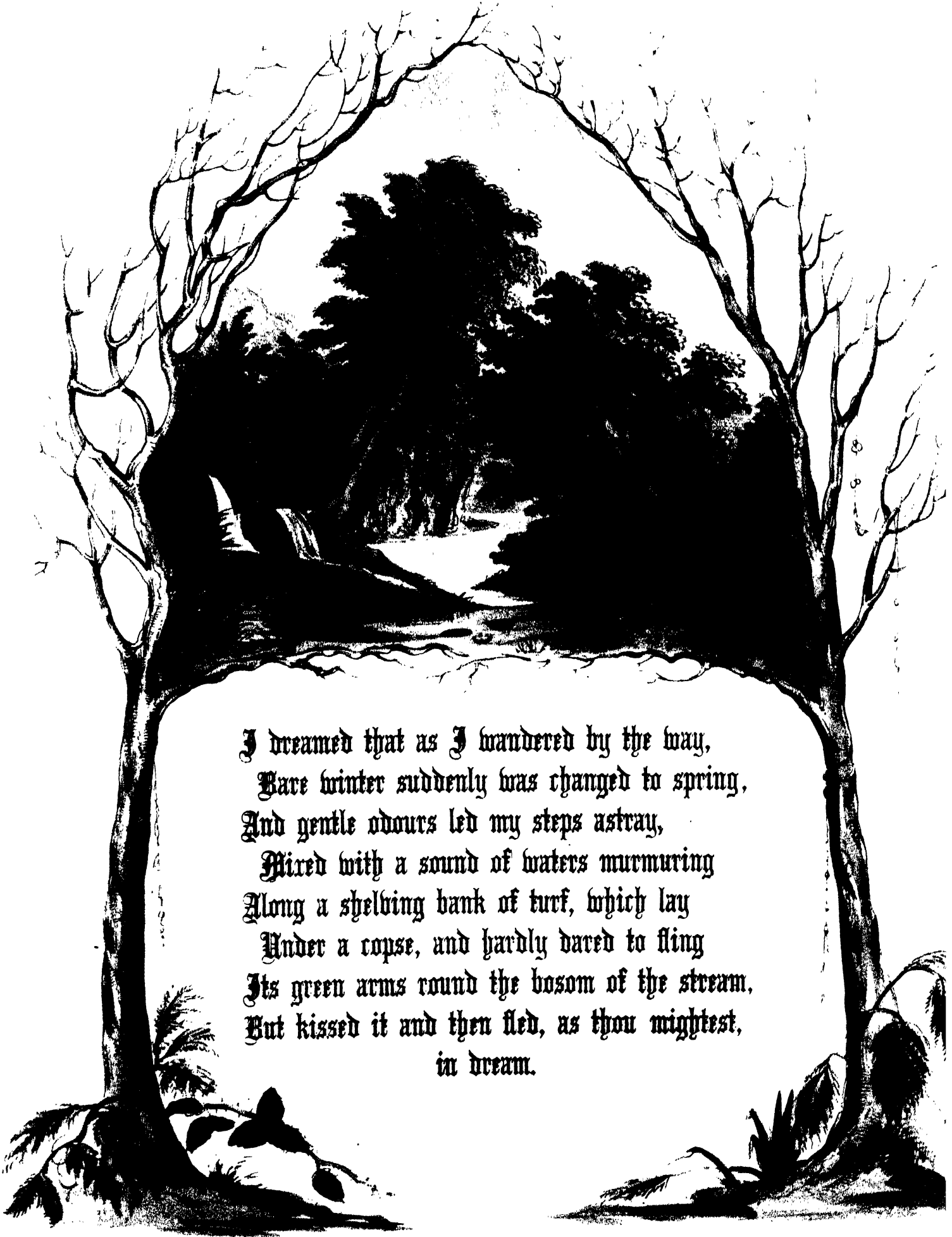
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud

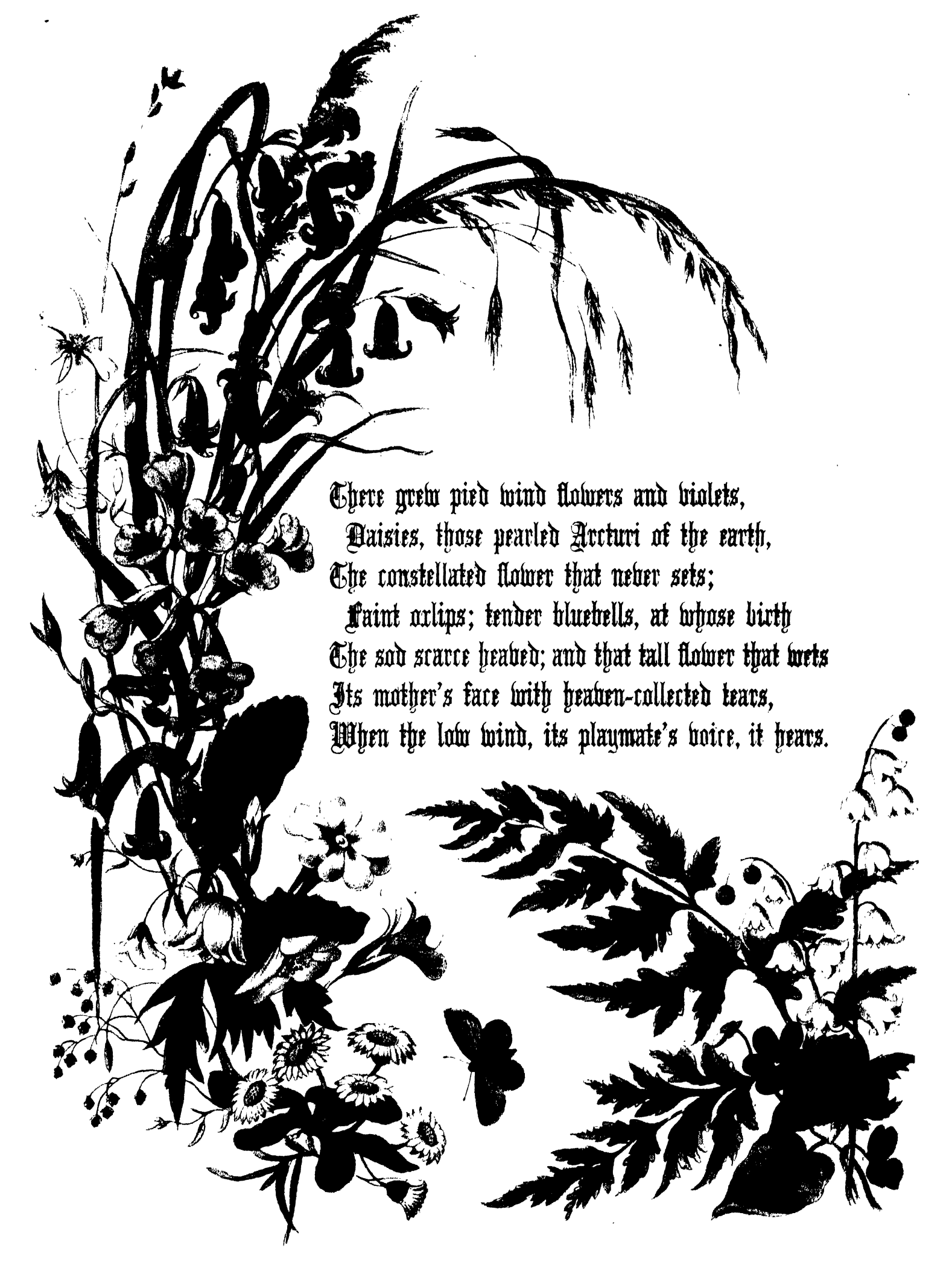


The
Question;
by
P. B. Shelley.

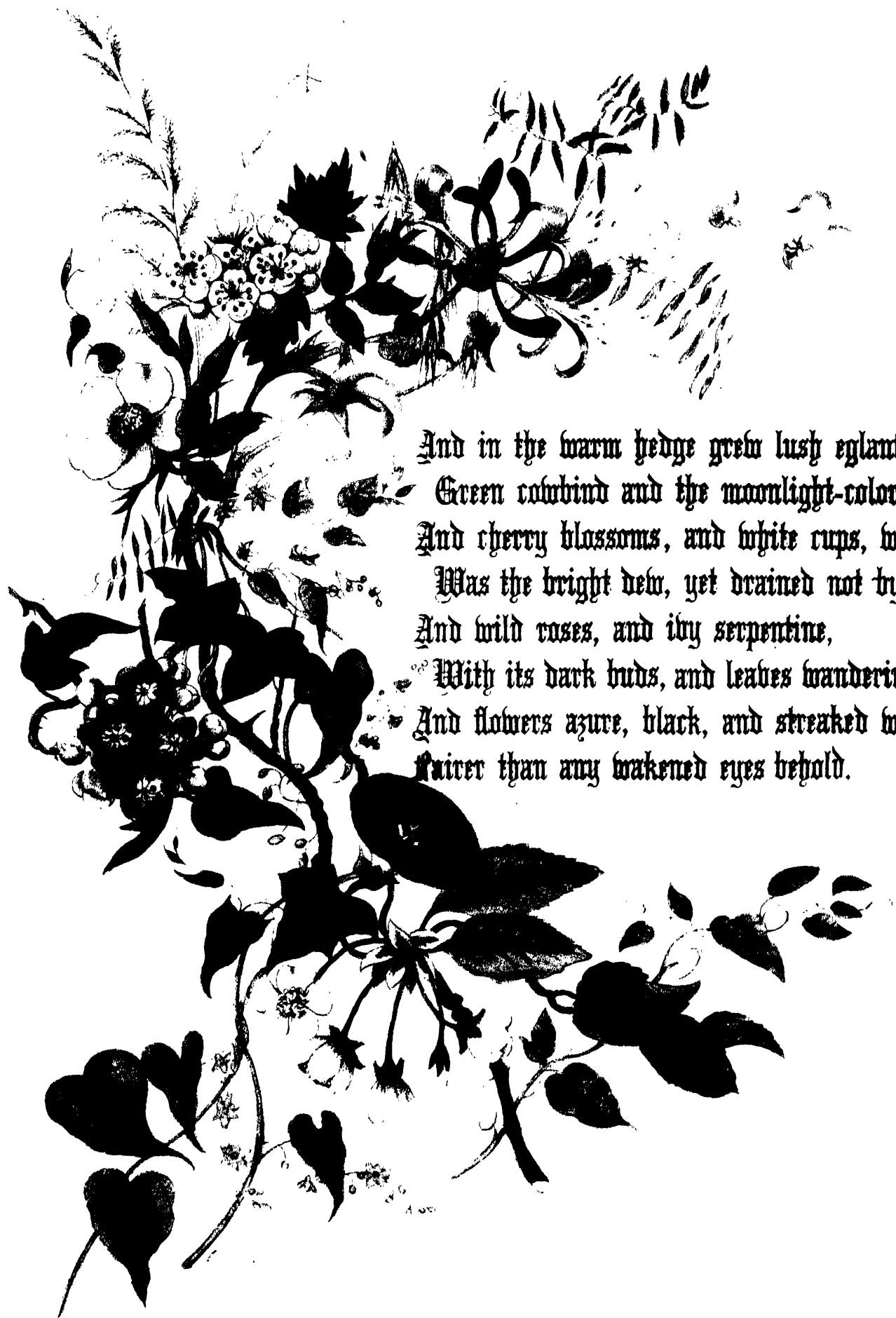


I dreamed that as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest,
in dream.

•



There grew pied wind flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint orlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.



And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green columbine and the moonlight-colored may,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds, and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any awakened eyes behold.